

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1914

Library of the  
PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL  
FOR THE MINISTRY  
Berkeley, California

## The Cure.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

**B**UT, mother, I want you to stay," said Eleanor. "Why, I never can stay here in this strange place alone. I'd die of loneliness and neglect."

Eleanor sat up among her pillows with a frown furrowing her brow.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Eleanor, but I might as well make it plain right now,"

said Mrs. Haynes, with a worried look on her gentle face. "I cannot stay. The rest of the family need me.

This is Toddle's second summer, and he hasn't been as well as we wish, and I simply dare not trust him to Selma. Your father needs me, too, and Bruce and Kathleen must have some help before they are ready to go away. I've stayed with you two weeks, daughter, hoping you would get acquainted with the people. The doctor says you are not in a particle of danger: you need only rest and good food and fresh air. You will not be neglected. Mrs. Carter is a dear, motherly woman, and she has promised to look after you as if you were her own. She knows all the doctor's directions, and I feel perfectly secure in leaving you in her hands. Now try to be pleasant about it, dear. You only injure yourself by your low spirits and sulking. I'm trying to do the best for us all."

Eleanor's eyes were blazing ominously, and her pale cheeks reddened.

"Much the doctor knows about it," she said. "When I'm dead, perhaps he'll realize that I was really ill. And there's no one in the family that needs you as I do. They're a selfish lot. I simply can't endure it here alone."

Mrs. Haynes arose and went away without speaking. Her grieved eyes troubled Eleanor a little. But, when she came down dressed for her journey back to town, Eleanor's anger flamed up again, and she let her go without a word of contrition.

Eleanor sulked the rest of the day, refusing supper, and answering Mrs. Carter in monosyllables. If you had been there on the wide porch of the farm-house, you would wonder how any one could be ill-natured in the face of so much beauty. The orchard lay on that side of the house and sloped down to the river. On the farther side of the river the woods came down to the edge of the water. In another direction a line of hills raised their rounded tops toward

the skies. From the south blew a strong, steady breeze. It came, ozone laden, from across the great lake and the pine forests. An invalid could hardly help getting better in such a place.

Eleanor had had a year of indifferent health, culminating in what was called vaguely a nervous breakdown. There had been several weeks of serious illness; but, when that was past, Eleanor did not seem to improve. She was too weak and languid

able, and each meal was served with some dainty touch that made Eleanor look forward to the next one.

The second day Eleanor began to ask questions.

"Do you live here?" she said languidly.

"Yes, about half a mile down the road, in a brown house in the hollow. It's hardly large enough to hold us all. It's really a mercy that you needed me. But, then, there is always all outdoors when the house seems crowded."

"Then you have brothers and sisters?"

"There are seven of us, and I am the oldest."

Eleanor eyed the plain gingham dress, and reflected that Jane was probably very poor; but she said, "How did you happen to think of coming to help Mrs. Carter?"

"Oh, I always try to get work as soon as school is out. That buys my books and clothes for the next term. And Hester is big enough to help mother now, so I can be spared easily. Then, I'm going to be a nurse when I'm old enough; and old Dr. Stafford knows I do well with sick people, so he recommended me for this place."

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes. I'll like it better when I see you getting along faster. I hope you're going to get very strong. It must be dreadful not to be able to do things."

A few days later Jane was gone when Eleanor awoke from her noon nap.

"She's gone to see her folks," Mrs. Carter explained as she brought the luncheon tray. "She's to have Wednesday afternoons to go home. I guess they couldn't get along if Jane didn't come home once a week."

Eleanor looked at her tray and frowned. Now Mrs. Carter was without peer as a cook, but she lacked Jane's

touch in arranging the tray. There was no fresh flower across the white cloth. The dishes were set on awry. There was too much meat. The potatoes looked patted down instead of fluffed up lightly. The strawberries were in a pink saucer. Eleanor ate a little, and then pushed the tray back.

At five o'clock Jane came running up the walk.

"How have you been this afternoon?" she asked solicitously.

"I've felt horrid," said Eleanor.

"That's too bad. Was it your head? Here's something for it. Mother sent this hop pillow. She thinks it will help. Let me put it under your head, and then I'll

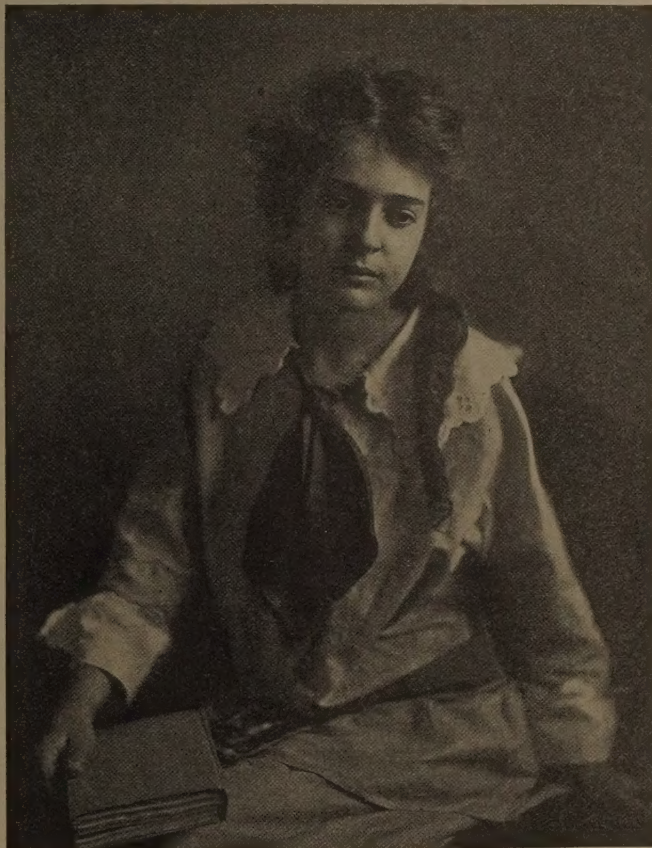


Photo by May L. Smith.

A GIRL OF TO-DAY.

to make the effort to move. So the old doctor had suggested that she be sent to the Carter farm, a place he knew well.

On the morning after her mother's departure Eleanor awoke to find a girl at her bedside.

"Good-morning!" said the new-comer. "I am Jane Burton, and I'm to help Mrs. Carter take care of you. Are you ready for your bath? I have the couch all ready for you down on the porch, and there is a surprise for breakfast."

Eleanor studied her new nurse that day. Jane talked very little, but everything she said sounded cheerful, and—well, original, Eleanor decided. Jane made her comfort-



get some toilet water, and bathe your temples."

Whether it was the hop pillow or just Jane, Eleanor really felt better by the time her tray was brought.

"Did you have a nice afternoon?" she asked.

"Splendid!" said Jane. "I did the ironing for mother, and cut out Hester's new dress, and showed Dave and John about putting in the late potatoes. They're only thirteen, you know, and I've always managed the planting before this. Then I made taffy for the little ones, and we had a grand frolic."

Eleanor opened her eyes wide at this description of a good time, but she said nothing.

As the days passed, Eleanor seemed to continue to study her nurse. She learned more about her life. Jane was eager for an education. She studied mornings before Eleanor was up. She made her own clothes, and helped with the other sewing. She could cook and wash and iron, and for four years she had been making the large garden at home. She read to the younger children, and taught them and played with them. In the summers she worked away from home to earn a few dollars for the winter's schooling.

"But," laughed Jane, one day, when Eleanor had been leading her to talk, "this sounds like a tale of hard work, and it isn't at all. There's more fun than hardship. But I dare say you know what hard work is."

Jane had simply been told that Eleanor had broken down from overwork, and she had a vision of long-pursued studies, or music lessons that took up hours each day, or some other intense mental effort.

"No," said Eleanor, bitterly. "I don't know what hard work is. I don't believe I've ever done a useful thing. I went to parties, and ate foolish things, and didn't get sleep or exercise. If I had done as mother wished me to, I could have worked twice as hard at my lessons without being ill."

Jane looked at her without speaking. Here was something outside the lines of her experience. So after a moment she changed the subject tactfully.

"Don't you think," she said, "that you could walk as far as the river if I helped you? I have cushions in the boat, and I could row you to some of the most beautiful places you ever dreamed of."

"I believe I could," said Eleanor, pushing her pillows aside.

It was a walk of not more than thirty yards, but Eleanor, who had taken few steps for many months, was trembling with weakness when she sank down in the boat. Nevertheless, she had a feeling of exhilaration. Jane was smiling as she took the oars. "You're getting better," she said. "I'm so glad!"

After that there was a daily trip down the river. Eleanor's cheeks were rounding into curves again, and her querulous voice was growing soft.

"I misjudged the girl," said Mrs. Carter. "She was just cross and fussy because she was sick."

On a Wednesday late in July Jane did not come back from her visit home.

"It's too bad," said Mrs. Carter sympathetically as she brought the tray in. Eleanor sat up now most of the time, but she did not go into the dining-room.

"What is too bad?" asked Eleanor.

"Why, about those Burtons. They're such nice people and the children the best behaved you ever saw, and they work so hard, but it does seem as if they had bad luck. Here was Jane earning a tidy bit this summer, and now her ma is dreadful sick, and Jane must stay to nurse her. It's too bad for you, too. Jane did you a sight of good."

"Please," said Eleanor, getting up, "could Mr. Carter drive me over there?"

"Land, child, yes, if you feel equal to it! She hasn't got anything catching, just worn out, I judge. It would do Jane good to see you. Sit down and eat, and I'll tell pa to hitch up."

A little later Eleanor went up the walk of the small brown house. Two sturdy boys that looked like Jane were working in the garden patch. The girl that opened the door was Hester. But in a moment Jane came.

"Dear Jane," said Eleanor, "I want to help."

Then a ghost of a smile came back to Jane's tired, troubled face. "How good you are, and it does help to know you care. But you couldn't stay. There are too many here now. Every one tries to be quiet; but Madge is only four and Milly six, so they do make a noise and get in the way. But we're all doing our best, and, oh, we won't give up our hope!"

Eleanor turned to where the three younger children sat. The boy Rob was ten, and he could help; but the two small girls were only a care.

"I shall take Madge and Milly home with me," she announced. "I can take care of them. I won't let them be a bit of extra work for Mrs. Carter. And I know she'll be glad to have them."

"But you can't. You're sick yourself. And Madge is so little, she's lots of bother."

"That's why I'm taking her," said Eleanor. "She's two years older than our Toodles, and I know I'm going to take care of Toodles when I get home."

Her voice broke a little as she thought of the dear home people. But it was a very steady Eleanor that collected the clothes of the two small girls and took them away.

Madge and Milly fell in love with Eleanor, and were docile charges. But there was a great deal of work, nevertheless. Eleanor washed and ironed and mended little frocks. She made over some of her clothes into new garments for them. She helped with the dishes and the baking, and censored table manners and morals. Mrs. Carter marvelled greatly, but held her peace. Twice a week Eleanor drove down to the brown cottage, carrying dainties for the sick woman and more substantial baked things for the young housekeeper, Hester. Jane could not leave the sick-room to help with the housekeeping.

Mr. and Mrs. Haynes came to visit Eleanor one Saturday, and to suggest that she might come home with them if she chose. There was no suggestion of an invalid in the rosy, active young person who flew to meet them. There was no suggestion either of the self-indulgent sulky Eleanor Mrs. Haynes had left in June.

She would like to go home with them, Eleanor said, but, unless they needed her, she believed she would stay until September. Jane's mother was getting better fast, but Eleanor felt that she ought to keep the little girls awhile longer.

"We do need you," said Mrs. Haynes, with a quiver in her voice. "I need my girl very much; but your friend needs you more, and I think you'd better stay."

One September morning Jane and Eleanor were saying good-bye. The little girls, plump and sweet, had been returned home that morning. They were glad to see the home people, but wept at parting with Eleanor. The whisper of a box soon to come sent them away smiling.

"I'm sending the promised gifts for their unnaturally good behavior," smiled Eleanor. "And, Jane dear, I'm putting in the books I promised you. I'm so glad I have something to share with you. And you'll be sure to spend the Christmas vacation with me."

"If mother keeps well enough. You needn't remind me. It will be the most wonderful thing that ever happened, and you needn't think I'd miss it. And you'll be back next summer. We all want you."

"Oh, yes," said Eleanor, "I'm coming back to learn to be useful."

"As if you needed to learn that," scoffed Jane, tenderly.

## Cleaning Up.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"IT looks worse than ever," sighed Emma, in despair, as she looked about her room.

"It is just at the worst stage now," said her mother, cheerily. "All the dirt is out from under cover and we can see it, that's all."

"But it looked better before we began."

"I know it did, because things were tucked in out-of-the-way places where they were hidden. Now let's get at this heap on the floor."

"I'm tired," said Emma, her first enthusiasm for room-cleaning gone. "I know we shall never get it done, and I wish we had left it as it was."

"That is always the way in everything we want to do," said her mother, quietly. "We commence with a rush; and, when we get things out where we can realize how bad conditions are, we want to shirk, but it doesn't do."

"Why, that's just like I heard Mrs. Brown say about the town," cried Emma. "She said that people were dragging things out that ought to be hidden, and it was hurting the town's reputation. What did she mean?"

Her mother slipped her arm about her. "It's just like if some one came now and saw your room. They would say you were a very untidy little girl," she said. "But we know that this is necessary to make the room clean once more. So it is with the town. When things were wrong, but hidden, some people were satisfied; but, now that we have reached the untidy point, they say things were better as they were. But they were not, dear."

Emma walked to the window and stood thoughtfully looking out.

"Well, I can't do much toward cleaning up a city," she said finally. "But I can pitch in and clean up my little corner of it, mother. And I am going to play it is the whole city, because I would like to have that all cleaned up, too." And she seized the broom.

"That's the right spirit, both for the cleaning of rooms and cities," said mother, approvingly. "And I hope you will always be diligent in both."



## The Magic Wand.

BY LOU D. STEARNS.

"HOW nice it would be," voiced Sadie Graves as she raised herself on tiptoe, trying to bring down an especially brilliant leaf from the bough overhead, "if we three girls had a magic wand. We'd be able to get 'most anything then."

Emma Wynne nodded. "'Twas nice when we believed those things," she said. "I wish there *were* fairies."

"But there are," Donna Lane declared softly, the pink in her cheeks deepening to a vivid red, her eyes thoughtful.

At fifteen, Donna still loved dolls. At fifteen, Donna sometimes lost herself in strangely mature philosophy. The other girls often found it hard to understand Donna.

"Nonsense!" Emma laughed. "You don't mean you haven't outgrown *that*!"

Donna nodded. "Aunt Jeannie says," she insisted gravely, "that our fingers and hands and lips are the real fairies, and good-nature, even when things go wrong, the magic wand."

"Pooh!" scoffed Sadie. "That's talk!"

"Anyhow," Donna's voice was eager, "every one loves Aunt Jeannie so that they'd do anything under the sun for her, and, when I asked why it was, she laughed and said, 'Do they? Perhaps it's because I love them.'"

"You can't love every one. Some people are just too mean! Look at Bob Davis," scoffed Emma, squinting up sideways into the mass of scarlet and gold and brown waving above her head. "I'd like to know how any one could even *tolerate* him."

Donna laughed. "That's exactly what I told her," she exclaimed, "and she said we didn't have to love the whole of them, but just the streaks that were lovable, and forget the rest until by and by we wouldn't be able to find any bad at all. She made me promise I would try, just for an experiment, to find something good even in Bob Davis, and to be good-natured, no matter how hateful he happened to be."

"You can't," Sadie's lips curled.

Donna's red mouth drew itself into a small, determined knot, her head set straightly erect. A little look of womanliness filled her eyes. "I guess," she declared stoutly, "I can if I say I *will*. And, besides, I'd do anything for Aunt Jeannie."

"Oh, well," Sadie acquiesced, "we're chums. We've got to hang together. I suppose if you feel that way, we may as well join in, won't we, Em?"

"Of course," Emma agreed.

The words had scarcely crossed her lips when Bob Davis rounded the turn. His coat was torn and old, his face and hands sadly in need of soap and water, and his eyes defiant. His boyish features seemed hard and dull. Bob Davis was chore boy for his food and clothes at the big Jefferson Farm, just out of town.

He grinned malevolently as the trio came into sight, and, tipping his head to one side, began to laugh tauntingly. "Slow-poke,—slow-poke,—snail-coach,—snail-coach," he chanted in a sing-song tone.

Donna's face flushed. A sharp retort trembled on the tip of her tongue. Then she choked it back. "I know it," she said, brightly. "I'd give anything, Bob Davis, if I was as quick as you. You're *wonderful* at figures!"

A quick red deepened under the tanned

cheeks. "Shucks!" he scoffed, and lounged on, his hands thrust deep in his pockets.

Donna paused, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her heart thumping sharply. "Bob," she called diffidently, but with a determined little pucker of her brow, "I wonder if you couldn't stop and explain that last problem. I can't see head or tail to it, and I'm just ashamed to face the class tomorrow." Tears of mortification trembled on her lashes. The quiver that sounded in her voice was very real.

A slow amazement crept into the boy's eyes, driving the dull hardness from his face. "Don't you care!" he cried hotly. "I didn't mean anything, and no one ever thinks about it, you know, only just you, yourself. Don't you see, though, it's like this—" and he launched into his explanations.

None of the three ever remembered just how it came about, but, before they knew it, they were sitting on the curbing, looking eagerly into Bob's face as he stood before them, making imaginary strokes on an imaginary blackboard. "Now," he asked, "is that clear?"

Donna drew a long breath. "Bob," she said slowly, "it *is* better. I didn't suppose *any one* could make it as plain as that. It must be splendid to know so much!"

"Shucks!" Bob Davis cried again; but his eyes were full of a new light. He glanced down at his hands. "If a fellow's going to talk to girls," he said slowly, "he's got to have clean hands."

Then the old defiant look came back. "Guess you're glad no one chanced to come along and see you talking to me," he flung out shortly.

It was Emma, this time, who threw her head back. "What do you mean, Bob Davis," she retorted sharply, "by speaking that way to your friends?"

"I guess," Sadie chimed in, "that we can talk to any one we like, so long as he's a *nice* boy."

To Bob's amazement they strolled along together. And to the girls' amazement he paused at the corner and lifted his shabby cap as gallantly as the finest dressed boy in town. "Good-night," he nodded, and broke into a merry whistle as he went down the other street.

It was exactly a week later that the same trio met Bob at the same corner.

He halted. "H'lo!" he greeted, grinning boyishly. "My eye, Sade! But you did a great job on this jacket!" running his hands proudly over the neatly mended coat.

Sadie's dark eyes lighted. "That's nothing," she laughed; but a warm glow was in her heart. She had pricked her fingers more than once over the threadbare jacket.

"*Nothing!*" Bob Davis lifted his chin high. "When a boy hasn't a mother or a sister or anybody else in the whole world to do a thing for him except growl when he don't get the chores done right, do you guess he thinks it's nothing?"

A gritty brightness came into his eyes. "So long!" he called gruffly, and hurried by.

Donna stopped, standing quite still in the middle of the walk until the sound of his clear whistling was almost lost. Then she drew a long breath. "I think Bob Davis's splendid. So there!" she cried tremulously. "But I *wouldn't* have believed it!"

"It's the Magic Wand, honey," and Sadie laughed happily. "I guess your Aunt Jeannie was right after all."



## Earth and Infinity.

*There's part o' the sun in an apple;  
There's part o' the moon in a rose;  
There's part of the flaming Pleiades  
In every leaf that grows.  
Out of the vast comes nearness;  
For the God whose love we sing  
Lends a little of his heaven  
To every living thing.*

AUGUSTUS WIGHT BOMBERGER,  
in the Outlook.

## The Law of Life.

**B**ACK of the deed is the doer,  
Back of the doer the dream;  
Back of the world as we see it,  
Science of things as they seem,  
Waits the invisible Spirit  
Weaving an infinite scheme.

We are but outward expressions  
Of an interior thought,  
Gleams of the light everlasting  
Through the material caught;  
Parts of the purpose eternal  
Into humanity wrought.

Mind is the monarch of matter,  
Will is the master of fate;  
Whatever the soul may determine,  
That can it reach soon or late.  
Thoughts have the gift and the power  
That which we think to create.

Man is the image in little,  
Type of the cosmical whole;  
And to be conscious of all things,  
This is his ultimate goal,—  
God and the thought universal  
Seen by the eye of the soul.

All that is yours you shall garner;  
All that you earn you shall gain;  
After the toil of the sowing  
There shall be bounties of grain,  
When in your spirit you ripen  
And to your kingdom attain.

More than the tongue ever uttered,  
More than the eye ever saw,  
Out of the uttermost glory  
Unto yourself you may draw.  
In you are all things potential  
When you discover the law.

J. A. EDGERTON.



## THE BEACON.

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## Making and Breaking.

WHEN the writer was a boy, his father gave him a watch. It was not new, and had never been a very good timepiece; but it was a watch, and it filled the boy's heart. About the same time he inherited from an older brother, who had been a jeweller, a small screw-driver, such as watch-makers use. This was a bad combination. Get a boy, a watch, and a small screw-driver together, and what will happen? Can you guess? When the accident had happened and the boy carried the dead watch to the jeweller's shop, hoping to get it set right before his father found what he had done, he was told that about everything had been broken in the works that could break and that it was beyond repair.

It was about the same time that he heard a wise neighbor say, "Don't break what you can't make." These words meant more to him just then than they would have meant if the screw-driver had not been used so unwisely on the watch. He felt, somehow, as though the good neighbor knew what he had done. Even if his destruction of the watch was not known, the small boy felt that he was on the wrong side of things, that he was a breaker and not a maker; and he resolved to get over into the other group as fast as he could.

There are other things than watches that can be broken. You can break friendships, break your word, break the good order in school, break your father's or your mother's heart. Better not! Those things are even harder to make whole again than watches. It may cost a good deal to repair a watch, but it can be done. You can even buy a new one. But when you break some other things, you can never get them repaired. No money, no labor, can make again the most precious things, once they are broken.

Don't be a breaker: be a maker. Young children sometimes seem to take great delight in smashing things. But the boys and girls soon become ashamed of doing that, and then they learn that it is ever so much more fun to make things. Make kites, make doll-dresses, make book-rests, footstools, towel-racks, lamp-shades; better still, make friends, make peace, make happiness, make your school a good school, make your home a place you will always be glad to remember, make your father and mother proud of you. You can do it! And you will find that this business of making things that are worth while ends in making you worth while,—in making you a noble man, a noble woman.

[Letters for this department must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

The following letters are from the boys of a Sunday-school class in the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles, California. Taken together, they give us an interesting glimpse of the school and of the work of this class:

Dear Miss Buck,—We belong to the Sunday school of the First Unitarian Church. We have fifty-two pupils in the Sunday school, seventeen in the Young People's Class and sixty in the Social Service Class. Mrs. Hodgins is a lovely superintendent, and all our teachers are splendid.

Very truly,

NILES PEASE, Jr.

Dear Miss Buck,—There are nine boys in our class. They are from ten to twelve years old. Miss Ross is our teacher. We are studying the Bible and the Bible country.

Yours truly,

HOLMES BOWERS.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## NOVEL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of forty-five letters, and form a quotation from a famous speech. The initials of the thirteen words described will form the name of the author of the speech.

My 10, 2, 19, 3, 29, 44, 14, is a recently popular game.

My 8, 16, 37, 18, 25, 44, is to reply.

My 9, 27, 32, 6, is tidy.

My 35, 12, 21, 2, 42, 33, 40, is one of the United States.

My 45, 20, 26, 7, is to covet.

My 1, 23, 5, 30, is to be forsaken.

My 18, 14, 29, 1, is the covering of a domestic animal.

My 31, 38, 44, is a snake-like fish.

My 43, 11, 28, is a prickly head of a plant.

My 37, 17, 36, is a male child.

My 6, 14, 15, 4, is a musical note.

My 27, 39, 13, 37, 17, 34, 45, is an incident.

My 41, 29, 23, 22, is part of a house.

MILDRED MAURER,  
in *St. Nicholas*.

## ENIGMA LIII.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 5, 9, 13, is an animal.

My 2, 6, 7, 10, is a pain.

My 7, 8, 11, 4, is what the Pilgrims lived in.

My 12, 5, 1, 10, is what most animals are.

My 1, 5, 9, 3, is an abbreviation for a State.

My whole is one of the United States.

CHARLES N. YOUNG.

## HIDDEN STATES.

Each of the sentences following contains the name of one of the United States:

1. Beauty may be skin-deep, but a happy disposition surely reaches to the heart.

2. I can see a resemblance to her mama in every feature.

3. Come over to the farm and try some of our new ham. P. S.—Hire a cab at the station.

4. In making the wires connect, I cut through a two-inch plank.

5. Have deeded Mary land enough to provide her a lifelong income.

6. Has that tiresome bore gone away for good?

7. While travelling through India, natives treated us with civility bordering on servility.

8. His complexion was so florid, a little boy asked if he was painted.

9. "Whenever mon takes foolish chances, he pays the piper," says Sandy Macpherson.

Woman's Home Companion.

## THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

Dear Miss Buck,—At the close of the Sunday school our class stands and says the benediction, and we use the words of Ps. xix. 14. With best wishes for *The Beacon*,

Yours truly,

EMILE W. BREIDENBACH.

Dear Miss Buck,—In our class in Sunday school there was a rule made that the first two boys who came after half-past nine help our superintendent, Mrs. Hodgins; the second two usher strangers to Social Service Class, Young People's Class, or Sunday-school room; the third two distribute *The Beacons* at the close of Sunday school.

Yours truly,

EUGENE PERCIVAL WETZEL.

Dear Miss Buck,—In our Sunday school we get a gold pin with U. S. S. on it if we come every Sunday in the year. Two boys in the Sunday-school received one last year. I was one of them.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR TECHENTIN.

Dear Miss Buck,—We had a live Christmas tree this year. It seems to be a shame to kill the trees, so we planted a tree out in the yard of the Sunday school, and we had the ornaments on the live tree.

ROBERT MORSE.

## NUTS TO CRACK.

Take 1/6th of Almond.

1/9th of Ground-nut.

1/6th of Walnut.

1/6th of Peanut.

1/8th of Chestnut.

1/5th of Pecan.

When these ingredients are properly mixed, they will form the name of a festival which will soon be here.

GRACE LUSTIG.

## FIRST LETTER CHANGE.

'Tis a tune of the Spring;

Every .... plays it over.

Suppose in penury and ....

My neighbor sees the wolf draw ....

Am I my brother's keeper?

There is ever a song that our hearts may ....

There is ever a song somewhere, my ....

*The Wellspring.*

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 23.

A FRUIT SALAD.—Beacon.

ENIGMA XLVIII.—The Boys' Magazine.

ENIGMA XLIX.—"As You Like It."

Andy Moder, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has sent us the answer to Enigma XLII. in No. 20.

## Young Contributors' Department.

Open only to members of the Beacon Club under eighteen years of age. Conditions which must be observed will not again be published, but will be sent to any one writing for them and enclosing two-cent stamp.

## SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and indorsement.]

Group VIII. Must be received before April 1.

1. Story or Essay: "By Wireless."

2. Verse: "In Springtime."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group IX. Must be received before May 1.

1. Story or Essay: "How I earned my First Dollar."

2. Verse: "Somebody's Child."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.

Group X. Must be received before June 1.

1. Story or Essay: "My Best Summer Vacation."

2. Verse: "At Grandpa's Farm."

3. Three puzzles, other than enigmas.